UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Living and Dying of Charlotte Perkins Gilman
By George E. O'Dell

The Talkie as Aaron's Rod? - *James H. Cousins*

Rhodes - - - - - *Flora White*

What Is the Good Neighbor League?
- - - - - *Brent Dow Allinson*

Contrasting Conversations - *H. P. Marley*

Little Glimpses of American Life
- - - - - *John Haynes Holmes*

Three Parables - - *Reginald A. Reynolds*

The Study Table

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Institute of Human Relations Appleton, Wisconsin

A notable group of educators will gather at Appleton, Wisconsin, for an Institute of Human Relations to be held on the campus of Lawrence College, August 30 to September 4.

Ministers, educators, and civic leaders will lecture and lead forum discussions. Such well-known Protestant leaders as the following will be at Appleton: Clifford P. Morehouse, editor of the *Living Church;* Winfred E. Garrison, Literary Editor of the *Christian Century;* Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of the Peoples Church, Chicago; Dr. Frank Kingdon, President of the University of Newark; Everett R. Clinchy, Director of the National Conference of Jews and Christians.

The following Catholic leaders will lecture: Michael J. Ahern, S. J., of Weston, Massachusetts; John A. Lapp, of Washington; President Michael J. O'Connell of DePaul University, Chicago; George N. Shuster, Managing Editor of *The Commonweal*; Father Anselm M. Keefe, Rector of St. Norbert College, West DePere, Wisconsin.

Well-known Jewish leaders who will be present are: Rabbi Felix Levy, President of the Central Conference of American Rabbis; Rabbi A. J. Feldman of Hartford, Connecticut; Rabbi Louis L. Mann of Chicago; Dr. Abram L. Sachar, National Director B'Nai B'rith Hillel Foundation; Roger W. Straus, Co-chairman of the National Conference of Jews and Christians.

In addition, the following well-known scholars and civic leaders will take part: Professor Norman Bentwich of London, England, formerly Attorney General of Palestine, who will speak on Arab-Jewish Relations in that country; Edward L. Bernays, New York City; Professor Harold D. Lasswell of the University of Chicago; Professor A. R. Radcliffe-Brown of the University of Chicago; Professor Helen M. Ganey of DePaul; Dean William H. Conley, Wright Junior College, Chicago; Dr. Edward W. Blakeman of the University of Michigan; Wilfred S. Reynolds, Chicago; Philip Seman, Chicago.

The purpose of the Institute is to promote better relations in Ameri-

(*Continued on page* 219)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXVII MONDAY, AUGUST 3, 1936 No. 11

ARE CHURCHES STILL THE SAME!

The hymn had engaged my attention; when it was over I had time to take stock of the congregation. They were —fat, very well-to-do folk—haters of popery and of anything which any one might choose to say was popish; good, sensible fellows who detested theory of any kind, whose ideal was the maintenance of the STATUS QUO with perhaps a loving reminiscence of old war times, and a sense of wrong that the weather was not more completely under their control, who desired higher prices and cheaper wages, but otherwise were most contented when things were changing least; tolerators, if not lovers, of all that was familiar, haters of all that was unfamiliar; they would have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, or at seeing it practised.

SAMUEL BUTLER, in *The Way of All Flesh,* Chapter XV. (Published in 1903.)

ANOTHER WORD TO THE FAMILY!

Our recent editorial on UNITY's circulation needs (see July 6th issue, page 163) brought in gratifying responses from devoted members of the UNITY family. Our suggestion that "each present subscriber find at least one new subscriber" was acted upon. One dear friend wrote:

"Enclosed is my 'new subscriber'—and with all power to you. Maybe, if and when it gets cool enough to approach people with anything but a suggestion to get cooler, I can enlist others to add on the new string. Devotedly . . ."

Another member of the family sent in three dollars with the request that we send UNITY to some one of ". . . those who had enjoyed UNITY before the hard times, and were now unable to take it."

This is the spirit that wins—the generous service which can restore our beloved paper to its former position of security. UNITY, as Dr. Sidney Strong once put it, is an inspired amateur venture, a piece of work done for the sake of the work and in the joy of doing it. Ours is no business corporation, no solemn professional group of editors and publishers. Rather is it a volunteer gathering of idealistically-minded and liberty-loving men and women, all of whom are primarily engaged in some other occupation as their first concern, who make UNITY their avocation—their hobby, if you will—for the free and therefore happiest expression of the best that is within them. Editors, contributors, book-reviewers, poets, and *subscribers*—all are together as one company, enlisted in one common endeavor after more truth and a better world. Each one must feel a responsibility for UNITY, as each one is a very part of its life and happiness. So now, when the circulation tide has turned again, and is coming in, we ask each one to help us bring it to the flood. *Send in your new subscriber!*

THE TOWNSENDITES

The Townsendite Convention in Cleveland has no permanent significance of any kind. The thousands of men and women who came together in that assembly are fundamentally conservative, even as they are ignorant, unsophisticated, and emotional. They have no ideas of constructive social progress, and no interest in any reform apart from that dictated by their self-regarding quest of a $200 per month bonus. But if this Convention has no permanent significance, it most certainly has a temporary significance of enormous import. This crowd, to be numbered by the millions throughout the nation, is going to work havoc in the presidential campaign. That's the reason why the newspapers gave the proceedings of the Convention front-page space day by day. That's the reason why the despatches were written by the same first-string reporters who attended the Republican and Democratic circuses. That's why such a paper as the New York *Times* published Dr. Townsend's address in full the day after its delivery. The Townsendites are formidable enough in themselves, but they are still more formidable as linked up with the followers of Father Coughlin and the Rev. Gerald Smith. That the whole uprising is a flash in the pan, certain to die down into ashes after the election, seems to us to be obvious; but meanwhile, in these next three months, the flash may kindle a fire which will consume, among other things, the reelection hopes of Mr. Roosevelt. For it is against the President that the full fury of this movement is directed. One wonders what has happened when one hears the vile venom of Father Coughlin's utterances, and the filthy demagoguery of Pastor Smith. Dr. Townsend is a gentleman and scholar as compared with these two loathsome creatures. Incidentally, we marvel that the Catholic Church is willing to tolerate the Detroit priest. He uncollared himself at Cleveland—why should the Church not unfrock him and thus rid itself of the reproach of a man who hurls "liar" and "betrayer" at the President? But not even these shameful tirades can apparently stem the tide of this revolt. Now that the flood is started, the

Democrats and Republicans may actually find it difficult to hold the lime-light of public attention.

THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN LABOR

One has only to look at President Green, of the American Federation of Labor, and at John L. Lewis, of the United Mine Workers, to understand what is happening in the labor world in this country. Seldom has a struggle been so perfectly embodied and presented in the persons of its leaders. Green is quiet, tactful, persuasive, conciliatory, cultured, refined, a man content to barter and bargain with capital and get the best deal he can for the workers. Essentially conservative in his ideas, thoroughly middle-class in his tastes and habits, he accepts a world in which capital is dominant, but insists that labor, if only for the sake of capital, shall be decently treated. He is a part of that liberal tradition which is concerned with humanizing an industrial system which is not itself to be disturbed. Lewis, per contra, is combative, arrogant, brutal, aggressive, and determined. Whereas Green might be mistaken for a college professor, Lewis could easily be taken for a thug. But he is intelligent, a man masterful in his qualities of leadership as well as in his attributes of physical manhood. Lewis is not going to ask favors of anybody, neither is he going to beg for decency, or bargain for justice. This man has no tact, and wants none. He proposes to fight capital, beat it to the ground, and then make terms with it on the basis of victor and vanquished. He sees in this capitalistic world of ours, in other words, a vast empire of privilege and power, to say nothing of riches, and he proposes that labor shall master this empire and divide with capital the spoils. Green it is to be noted, represents the old-line unions, the highly skilled workers, the aristocracy of labor. Lewis, on the other hand, represents the lower ranks of the toilers, the great masses of the unskilled, who for the first time, under his leadership, are taking a hand in the American labor movement. In this sense, Lewis is precipitating something like a revolution in this country. His advent marks the ending of one period and the opening of another period in the struggle of the workers. The whole thing is a swing to the left of enormous significance. But let it be noted that Lewis operates just as much inside the existing capitalistic order as Green does! The former, quite as much as the latter, is content with the system as such. So there is nothing fundamental in this struggle at all. But its immediate repercussions will be tremendous.

POLITICAL PARTIES AND WORLD AFFAIRS

In nothing are the two great political parties in this campaign more unsatisfactory, indeed alarming, than in their attitude toward the world situation at this hour. In all probability, unless all signs fail, the most important issues facing the next administration will be not national but international in character. What happened in the first administration of President Wilson, when the "New Freedom" was suddenly swallowed up by the Great War, is now definitely forecasted by everything happening in the world at large. Yet this campaign is being conducted as though the United States were existing in a vacuum. Of Mr. Landon's views on foreign affairs we have only the vaguest notions. Mr. Roosevelt has shown neither interest in nor intelligent knowledge of international problems, being content with his familiar phrase, "good neighbors," which may mean anything or nothing in application to a specific problem or crisis. The platforms of the two parties are hopelessly perfunctory and platitudinous. Both, of course, call for an army and navy adequate for the national defense, which means the hugest armaments that we can build in open competition with the mad governments of Europe. Beyond this, the Democratic platform speaks of observing "a true neutrality in the disputes of others," of working for peace and taking the profits out of war, of keeping out of war—but of specific issues such as those presented by the permanent neutrality legislation proposed by the progressives in the last Congress, or by the recommendations of the Nye Munitions Committee, nothing is said. The Republican platform is equally non-committal, except as it calls for an isolationist policy which is as impracticable as it is unworthy. Whether we like it or not, we are living in a world beset by hostilities and hates, wars and rumors of wars, and our two dominant political parties know little, care less, and think not at all as to what it means. For any real understanding of international affairs, one must turn to the Socialist and Communist Parties—but, alas, the influence of these parties in this campaign is in inverse proportion to their intelligence.

GERMANY, AUSTRIA, ITALY

Hitler's agreement with Austria, blessed and guaranteed by Mussolini, is a victory for Fascism so tremendous as to be well-nigh beyond calculation. This is, or should be, so obvious as to prompt nothing but anger, unless it be disgust, toward those who accept this settlement as easing the war tension and thus a blessing to mankind. Reaction of this sort upon such an event can only be matched by the timid and blundering ineptitude of the chancellors of Britain and France which made this event possible. What has happened is that these two countries have been once again completely outwitted or defied, and their power taken over, by the dictators who are now on the verge of ruling Europe even as they rule their own dominions. First, Mussolini challenges the world, as organized into the League of Nations, by his invasion and

conquest of Ethiopia. He got away with murder, to the complete humiliation of the European nations, more particularly England. Then Hitler flung his gauntlet into the face of France by marching into the Rhineland. France did nothing but scream like a baffled old shrew, and therewith sacrificed all the prestige and power enjoyed since the close of the Great War. Now, Mussolini and Hitler together have taken over the control of European affairs by agreeing upon a policy toward Austria which makes that helpless little country their mutually convenient pawn. Mussolini is henceforth free to work his will in southeast Europe, and thus extend indefinitely the borders of his Roman Empire. Hitler has saved Germany from the awful peril of being surrounded by armed enemies and thus held fast as in an iron ring. Bound in a bond of friendship with Austria and Italy, the Reich is now free to strike at any point which may enlarge her borders or accomplish her designs. Even Soviet Russia is pushed into the background, and the Little Entente destroyed. All of which means that the balance of power in Europe has now definitely shifted to the central Fascist empires, with the floundering democracies of England and France thrust aside into utter dependency and shame! So far from easing the situation, the Austrian settlement has made it never before so ominous and terrifying. If the victorious Allies ever won anything out of the War, they have now lost everything.

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED, FAIL, FAIL AGAIN!

A correspondent of the New York *Times,* writing from Geneva, confesses that the League of Nations has "reached a new low and the danger of a world war has reached a new high." Nevertheless, he is hopeful about the League for a reason which seems to us to be something novel in the history of mankind. The League's hope for the future, he says, rests, among other things, on the fact that its "failure has made the danger of war, and therefore the need of a peace organization, greater." Here, indeed, is a new principle at work in human experience. Apply it to certain other historic situations, and see how it operates! The Republican defeat in 1932, for example! "The failure of Republicanism has made the danger of Democratic predominance, and therefore the need of an opposition party, greater." The breakdown of our economic system! All's well, because the "failure of capitalism has made the danger of depression, and therefore the need of economic stability, greater." Ethiopia! That country need not worry, since the "failure of its defense has made the danger of extinction, and therefore the need of national independence, greater." Or a personal affair! Mr. Jones has failed in business, but it's all right since his "failure has made the danger of bankruptcy, and therefore the need of solvency, greater." In the light of this principle, we cannot see, for the life of us, why any failure need cause any concern at all. If you fail, why then because of failure, the need of success has become the more imperative, and success therefore the more certain. Which leads to some new rules of conduct! If you would succeed, fail; if you would advance, retreat; if you would survive, perish. Seriously, the plight of the League of Nations is desperate, and it takes a valiant optimism to face the present tragic situation and still hope on. But we cannot see that it avails anything to go stark mad by insisting that defeat means victory because it magnifies the need of victory. Such argument is romanticism of the worst description, and bodes ill for those who deliberately manufacture illusion. The League is not dead, but it can be saved only by the sternest facing of reality. We look to the meeting of the Assembly in September for rigorous thought and action.

S. PARKES CADMAN

Publication dates have delayed this tribute to Dr. Cadman, but it is never too late to lay tribute upon an honored grave. To say that Cadman was preeminently a churchman is to say what he would have said himself in mingled pride and humility of spirit. He was many other things—the first and greatest of radio preachers, lecturer *par excellence,* author, scholar. But the center and soul of his life was the church, and his life-task was to glorify its mission. He loved the pulpit, and answered its call at home and abroad, in winter and summer, in the end, as it proved, even unto death. He rejoiced in its pastoral services—the busiest of men, he was never too busy to hear the confession of the sinner, the inquiry of the distracted, the plaint of the sick. He recognized its civic duties, and made himself as clergyman the first citizen of Brooklyn. He was a good comrade to his colleagues —always ready to advise or lend a hand. He loved the church as he loved his country—dignified its offices, magnified its authority, honored its work. A priest in the chosen functions of his life, he was also a prophet of far vision and courageous utterance. His speech had a Miltonic quality of grandeur and power. It rolled forth from his mighty frame like a river in full flood. In his religious ideas as in his dress conventional, he made the great doctrines of the Christian faith to live again by the quickening touch of his great spirit. This spirit was as broad as humanity, and as inclusive as the love of Christ, which was the one basic theme of a lifetime of preaching. A stalwart Methodist, he served a Congregational church; a rigorous Protestant, he joined hand and heart with Catholics in multitudinous good works; a devoted and pious

Christian, he was the loyal friend of Jews and men of alien creed. There was no compromise in Cadman. What he believed, he did. He was not always right, but he was always true. We mourn his rough-hewn face, his sturdy frame, his eloquent tongue, his noble manhood. The church and the community, the nation and the world, can ill afford, in days like these, the loss of such a leader.

The Living and Dying of Charlotte Perkins Gilman

GEORGE E. O'DELL

Charlotte Perkins Gilman was one of the makers of America. Many thousands of hungering women have had occasion to thank her for bringing them bread of life. Men, too, have been uplifted by her in the quality of their lives, even when they knew of her only by hearsay or not at all. She was at once a product and a prophet of democracy. Yet since she died, in August, 1935, no memorial meeting appears to have been held in her honor; no demonstration of women, if not of men, has acclaimed her great service to her generation and to ours. You see, in the end, she died by her own deed; and if you want to remain a blessed memory and a power for good you must not take your life thus into your own hands. But to that we shall return.

We should number Mrs. Gilman, for her influence, not only with Olive Schreiner and Jane Addams but also with Mary Baker Eddy and Ellen Key. To include Mrs. Eddy's name is by no means perverse. For she, being a democratizing force despite herself, not only threw out of the window the ancient notion, once tolerated if not beloved by women, that God willed that we all, and especially they, should suffer pain, but she set up a woman—herself—as the only one other than the Almighty to pontificate on Sundays in her church. Men may worship the Virgin Mary, but would they allow her to say Mass? As Lady Astor so wittily once put it in the House of Commons, in answer to a critic who declared she wanted not equality for women but superiority, "Oh, we have always had that!" Superiority, but only that of an idol.

Ellen Key, that other foremost figure amongst nineteenth century women, proclaimed the Century of the Child. On the subject of marriage, about which really she knew very little, she nevertheless endeavored also to propound a democratic doctrine. Are all persons to be treated as in some way equals? Then they must seek to deserve the deference; they must be persons indeed. Ellen Key insisted that personality must not be frustrated; if in marriage your husband (or your wife) clogs your self-expression, then in the name of democratic ethics you must secure a divorce. Nay, if having married, you later meet your real affinity, whose benign influence is necessary to the unfolding of your gifts, again in the name of democracy you must not only get a divorce but you should seek to keep house with your new twin soul. Alas, one can but remember poor Shelley, who believed his poetic inspiration to be dependent on some affinity, and who tried half a dozen such, and would doubtless have adventured with half a dozen more but for his merciful drowning in the sea!

Mrs. Gilman had more sense. Indeed, my purpose here is mainly to consider this great woman's admirable sanity. It was the sanity of genius. The *in*sanity of genius, of which an early psychiatry sought to convince us, is surely most often a result of loneliness; the great do not meet their equals, they can only try touchingly and painfully to share their inmost experiences with the impersonal crowd. Mrs. Gilman was on the edge of insanity most of her life—and knew it. Hence, she moved heaven and earth to keep sane all that was most significant in her. The democratic spirit in her fell into no nonsense, no sentimentality, no decline from Emersonian self-respect and independence. No romancing for her; she kept close to facts, and she did not look to anybody else for stimulus or corroboration. Monogamic marriage, yes; the *ideal* of lifelong fidelity, yes. But to depend on another for power or incentive to do one's job, no!

Always she had been one of my saints, although I know her only through her works, and certainly did not know—as did few people—of the neurasthenia which cursed her life. Her autobiograhy* came as a shock—the saint had to be shifted into a new niche; here was not only a noble, democratized Stoic, but she was revealed also as belonging with that great group of sufferers like the tuberculous Stevenson who wrote for mental outlet and a living as he lay barely able to move in bed; like Elizabeth Barrett who composed *The Cry of the Children* in a darkened room; like Darwin and Spencer whose doctors made them work year after year only for an hour or two a day (to be fallow-minded for the rest of the time), and yet they completed great labors. Desperately impecunious during most of her life, desperately ill for weeks and months at a time, refusing the support of anyone, she yet carried the burden of her helpless mother, who more than anyone had been the cause of her neurosis, and took all the early burden of the care for her own child. A shock, I say. My mind went back twenty years to an evening when a woman from Boston, a man from Newark, Charlotte Gilman from New York, and myself from Brooklyn had severally journeyed to Philadelphia in order to argue before a "university extension" audience whether American women should or should not have the political vote. Mrs. Gilman, whom I had not met before, and indeed never met again, had called me up in the morning to tell me that our opponents were a customary and wily team, whose technique consisted in goading those with whom they debated into anger and violence of retort. "Keep your temper," she said. As it happened in the event, I did not. But my partner in debate was for all of that horrible evening a model of propriety, of sweet reasonableness, a "perfect lady," sanity personified. And now I squirm at the thought that I said no kind word to her, gave her but a perfunctory greeting, dodged accompanying her on an insistent walk (when she should have driven) through heavy rain to the station—lest I should have to sit with

*_The Living of Charlotte Perkins Gilman._ D. Appleton-Century Company, New York.

her on the train! We do fear our gods. Yet the record tells me now accusingly that this woman, for all her Spartan self-discipline, her stiff back, her uptilted chin, her serene poise, was all the time hungering for kindness, pitifully grateful for every gentle word said to her, for every courteous deed that might make her *via dolorosa* less hard.

Perhaps her sanity is most strikingly illustrated in her attitude towards debt. She was never ashamed to borrow money. Where some of us are such inhibited sentimentalists that we would seek an unsecured loan only with feelings of utter discomfort, Mrs. Gilman had no such foolish qualms. She had to live, for the sake of her child, her mother, her message. When she needed money or credit she asked for it, and let us be happy that she does not have to tell of ever having been refused. Always she paid what she owed. It might be that years later some amazed tradesman found her on his doorstep with the money for a long-written off bill, money out of some little windfall of platform fees. Her greatest thrills seem to have been these occasions of self-respect. But suppose she had not been always able to repay. What are finance, investment, commercial speculation, but one vast money-lending and borrowing system? If the factory, the store, must be capitalized, why not you or me, somehow, anyhow—if we should happen to be of the order of prophets? Mrs. Gilman borrowed and borrowed, and served and served.

Then there was the sensitiveness of this apparently iron-stringed soul to moral misunderstanding. Here, too, was sanity. Everybody's reputation ought to matter, but the teacher's should matter most of all. Beware of the man or woman who *does not care!* Mrs. Gilman bore the ignominy heaped upon her in her middle years by Mr. Hearst and others with what patience and silence she could. But she was no self-sufficient individualist. She had failed to live with her first husband —and is so great a lady that in her autobiograhy not one word will she utter in criticism of him though it is known that she could not unjustly say many. In those days her desertion inspired a Philistine horror which today seems very archaic indeed, as does also the even greater horror then felt at her "shameless" refusal to deny continued friendship to Grace Ellery Channing, her husband's second wife. But it was the charge of deserting her child that was unbearable. A wife who had failed—perhaps; but a mother who had failed—she could not admit that. Over and over again in this book she returns, with pathetic gentleness and humor, but with obvious pain, to that accusation, and she successfully repels it. Indeed, by the time you have done, you intuitively know that she wrote the book just to do that. At least in her grave she should not, if possible, be still maligned as regards her motherhood.

But sane above all is her use of experience. Let us recall how her mother, a pitiably ineffective person, had suffered emotional agony because of her husband's heartless treatment of her, and vowed so to rear little Charlotte that she should grow up without the inner capacity for such pain. Hence no caresses, no outward show of a very real inward love for her daughter; she would kiss her only at night after the child had apparently fallen asleep in her crib. But Charlotte would take a pin to bed with her to help keep herself awake so that, her eyes closed and there being no sign that she was not sleeping, she might feel her mother's kiss. No wonder that all her life she collected "mothers"! Was there a big city anywhere that she visited from time to time where she did not have a mother—some kind elderly soul to whom she looked for love?

Her actual mother's early-Victorianism is set out at length—the rigid discipline, the demanded utter obedience, the conviction that a woman has no proper place outside the home. But Charlotte never whined; she understood, and, because of her precocious rationalism, forgave. Even she mothered her mother, that poor thing who, in those terrible borrowing years, could only sit at the window and watch for the husband who never came back. No, Mrs. Gilman never whined. Instead she learned from her experiences, and turned her learning to sane constructive account. She set herself the prophetic job of saving other women, other children, from helplessness, futility, and frustration, and of saving the human race from the waste of inherent power. *Women and Economics* is her protest that other women shall not let themselves be spoiled like her mother. *Concerning Children* is her own childhood's experience turned into virile teaching and robust common sense. There, perhaps, we have hit on the word: Charlotte Perkins Gilman had that rare thing, into which mental riches of sympathy and imagination may be poured without sentimentality—the genius of common sense. Here was New England shrewdness enlarged into mothering and sistering the world. Never a word about herself in these books, no hint of personal suffering, just scientific objectivity joined with a splendid faith in human nature and in democratic ideals.

Not but that there are traces in all her works of unconscious femininity. Sometimes when she ought not she *would* think compartmentally. There is, for instance, that early passage in *Women and Economics* where she insists that motherhood shall not be thought of as a "business," a commodity to be exchanged for bread. The obvious criticism of any spiritually-minded person must surely be that "business" should not be treated with this contempt. Is only motherhood potentially sacred? The work of men, the professional or industrial work of women—as she was later to urge in *Human Work*, the most important and least read of her books—suffers its sordidness precisely because it is thought of as an "exchange for bread." Only when the doctor above all things seeks to promote health, the lawyer justice; only when the worker is concerned primarily to feed, clothe, house, recreate mankind, and the storekeeper to serve his neighbors as a needed friend; when, in short, these functions are consecrated as motherhood is consecrated, will human work in general—and in a more human economic order—achieve all that fineness which should characterize it. And if, as Mrs. Gilman taught, the mothering of children should be done, in a professional spirit, by those specially fitted for such work, and as incidentally "an exchange for bread," why should such mothering be a "business" and that of bearing and rearing one's own children not?

About Mrs. Gilman's death what shall we say? Certainly we must not draw a veil over it; nor should we refuse homage because of it. To Mrs. Gilman living was doing, just as for her religion was doing, whether it were that of herself or of some divine Doer. Again she was translating experience into what she thought appropriate action. She had seen her father, finally an inmate of a psychopathic hospital, slowly decline therein from manhood to mere insanity, a living death. She could not bear the thought that she should herself ever become a useless burden, dependent on the ministrations of others, even though these others loved

her. Pain she could bear, but not uselessness, of which in her neurasthenic periods she had suffered more than enough. "I can no longer serve," she said when the final illness came in sight, "therefore I must go."

But it was a crude decision, was it not? Perhaps one may be allowed to call it without offense a very American one. For America, like Charlotte Gilman, has made a religion of doing. Felix Adler's early slogan, "Deed not Creed," was racy of the soil but inadequate, as Adler himself later came to see. The really serious clash is between deed and character. In the end, *to be* is more important than *to do*. Doing should be the creator of being. The power to do may go, but even then being may shine out the more penetratingly for its very helplessness. Or shall we put it better by saying that to be in the finest sense is in itself a deed?

Besides, to have denied us the duty of caring for others may be the withdrawal of something essential to human good. Charlotte Gilman physically useless but bearing pain with fortitude (as she was willing enough to do), with her ready smile and solicitude for others unabated, witnessing to the unselfish spiritual might of the human spirit, could not but have been a creative force in the lives of those who must carry her as a burden. Her analysis of the situation was incomplete. It may well be that some day, even soon, we shall be willing to put extreme sufferers, at their wish, out of their pain. But it must not be to relieve ourselves, or we shall become callous. It must only be because we see it to be best for them.

The Talkie as Aaron's Rod?

JAMES H. COUSINS*

Mr. H. G. Wells is recorded by an interviewer in Hollywood as having expressed the opinion that the talkie was the greatest art-form as yet achieved by humanity, and that it would oust all other forms of theatre art (drama, opera, and so forth) because of the immensely greater emotional effects that could be got by it. It would not be wise to take this as being exactly what Mr. Wells meant, seeing that Hollywood "newshawks" are not altogether disinterested in the future of the talkie, and more things than naked truth have come out of that manufactory of illusion.

The idea of the tremendousness of the talkie as a means of entertainment (which is the main interest of the average human outside business), perhaps even of instruction (which is occasionally the wistful hope of the few), has been voiced by others besides Mr. Wells. That inflated last-word notion, which pesters every stage of human movement, from the cradle to the crematorium, is not the point of real importance to those who are interested in the future, not of one art (if the talkie may for convenience be termed an art) but of art in general, and not only in relation to its capacity to entertain, or even instruct, but to do a vastly more important service to mankind; that is, to act as a perpetual dissipator of complexes and put the analytical psychologists out of business. The matter of real importance is the reason on which the cannibalistic propensity of Aaron's rod is presumed to be transferred to the talkie; to wit, the greater *effects* that, it is alleged, can be obtained by it. I believe that that reason, clearly understood, contains the certainty of the falsification of the prophecy that the talkie-serpent will swallow all the others, as I shall try to show.

First, however, a word as to the validity of the claim to greater effects being got by the talkie than by other forms of expression (if the talkie for convenience may be termed a form of expression). Human sensibility is apt to become jaded under continuous excitation, and dulled by largeness and complexity; and before it has managed to swallow all the other arts of the stage the talkie may find itself up against a demand for simpler, more human, less mechanical means of aesthetical or other satisfaction; and that demand will mean the disgorging of the arts which it may, or may not, have succeeded, owing to financial intimidation and general lack of cultural leadership, in swallowing, but which, owing to certain circumstances inherent in human nature, it can never assimilate. An effect is never measurable as to either its intensity or continuation by its external causes; and aesthetical cause and effect in particular move in different worlds, a world of material causes (things seen and heard) and a world of immaterial responses in the psyche of the spectator and auditor (things thought and felt). The achieving of the inner effect has no essential relationship to quantity or complexity in its causes. The raising of the voice by half a tone at a critical point in a play, or a single drum-tap at a hushed moment in the Noh-drama, may make at least as intense an appeal to feeling through ear-gate as a crowded and agitated stage or an orchestra in full blast; and half an hour spent in front of a single painting in the guest-room of a Japanese home may pass as much aesthetical satisfaction through eye-gate as a day's tramp through the galleries of the Vatican or the Louvre—and not only do so in the case of persons of different degrees of sensibility, but of one and the same person, as I know from many an experience.

But the radical flaw in the argument for the future domination of art-expression by the talkie rests in its placing the decisions of art with the spectator, as the experiencer of the *effect*, and its ignoring of the hunger for individual creative expression in art that is born with all normal human beings—but, alas! suppressed in them early in their lives by an education that, generally speaking, excludes art-activity, and by a social environment which, notwithstanding its fuss over making things, is not creative but primarily disintegrative in its craze for "using" (that is, destroying) things made.

The natural impulse of healthy life fulfills itself in two ways in both the aesthetical and material realms: on the side of productivity, in creative expression for the satisfaction of the hunger of the soul, and in commodity production for the satisfaction of the hungers of the body; on the side of consumption, in enjoyment evoked

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by the appreciation of the aesthetical expression of oneself and others, and in pleasure and sustenance derived from the normal use of natural and manufactured commodities.

Were the interests of the producer (the actual artist and worker) and the user (also the artist and worker) identical, as they will be in a future true civilization organized on the basis of the inescapable unity of life ("universal brotherhood" if you like), production and consumption, aesthetical and material, would be stably progressive, free from gluts or famines, booms or retrenchings, mechanical over-specialization and human displacement. But the prevailing organization of humanity for self-profit (which is almost entirely a centripetal, anarchical activity, exercising and enlarging the sensual tendencies and lower capacities of humanity) instead of organization for self-expression and self-need (which are almost entirely centrifugal, cooperative, activities, exercising and developing the more beneficent and elevated impulses of humanity), has resulted in the falsification of life through the encouragement of expedients for increasing demand beyond the normal and thus stimulating production beyond the normal—with the inevitable result of instability and dislocation in the human relationships that are the most precious things in life.

Through these circumstances, so exactly paralleled in economic and cultural life, has arisen the over-emphasis on *use* in commerce and *effect* in art. These are entirely artificial reactions to the exaggerated stimulation of both material and aesthetical consumption which is applied by middle interests in both cases for purposes outside the real concern of commerce or art; for the dividend warrant and the box-office, instead of the highest good of both the producer and user.

As a result of this over-emphasis we have the spurious enthusiasms of ruthless and irresponsible advertising that defile public places and conveyances, and double exploitation in the reduction of value to the producer ("buying in the cheapest market") and in the increase of cost to the user ("selling in the dearest market" plus the cost of unnecessary advertising); and we have the vulgarity, pugnacity, sensuality, lying and thieving that are the general characteristics of both material production and modern so-called art-production today—with, of course, exceptions, even in the talkie world.

The exaltation of *effect* as the justification of any form of art-expression puts an unnatural distance between creative activity and the inspiration and illumination of its creative impulse from the spiritual nature of humanity. This is bad enough as an impoverishing influence on art; but, worse still, it places the authorization of art in the hands of those who have no interest in it save (as spectators) a mere hedonic gratification whose trend is sense-wards, or (as providers) profit which seeks enlargement through base and hectic appeals to the human sense of mystery and adventure, and to imaginary gratifications of the senses that lead towards actual gratifications reached through animalized furtiveness and unscrupulous disregard for the best interests of others. Incidentally, such appeals, arising out of the false stimulation for *effect,* in the advertising columns of the daily papers have led to a hysterical debasement of language which, in a civilization that recognized the mystery and sanctity of speech, would be treated as a spiritual crime.

Art-creation is an intensely individual, even an intensely religious, matter; a matter, so to speak, between the artist and the Creator. Any movement by the artist away from the ideal of creative integrity and the truthful reporting of the creative reality of the universe is a movement towards naturalization in the land of the Philistine, and towards the possible achievement of the ultimate aesthetical monstrosity, the philistine artist, a renouncer of the ideal, and therefore a potential poisoner of the imaginations and a perverter of the actions of his fellows. The sign-posts on that left-hand road of the arts mask their real terminus under the euphemism of "effect." The true artist may, or may not, desire to *create* an effect, but it will arise out of his own vision and technique; but the mere fabricator of alleged art to achieve an effect demanded, not by his own genius or his peers, but by his inferiors, the exploiters of art and artists, has turned his back on Truth and dug his claws into the visage of Beauty.

The moral of these considerations is not *a bas le* (or is it *la?*) *talkie!* The talkie will go on talking; but its matter and presentations will respond to the ascensive graph in public taste which every good optimist looks for; and its response will be quickened in synchronization with the frog march of the exploiter of consumpt and effect from the front of the stage of life to a modest place in the rear of those who create and produce for those who appreciate and use. And when, through an accession of wisdom or as a reaction to individual and social calamity, humanity comes to the realization that the crazy excesses of today are the natural sequelae to the deprivation of creative expression in the education of the young, and art takes its place in a future sane educational system as its pivotal necessity; then the arts that are assumed to be shivering now in front of the opening jaws of the talking dragon will be discovered (by an act of spiritual magic) on the back of the dragon driving it along the right-hand road of true human evolution in moments of relaxation from their unsupplantable service as the expressors of humanity's vision of the Great Life and happy aesthetical response to the creative flux of the Universe.

In the Stillness

Across the firmament at night
The stars in silence take their way;
No cosmic trumpet rends the skies
To herald the returning day.

In quietness the snowflakes fall
And soften all the sounds of earth;
No noise is made beneath the ground
When giant trees are brought to birth.

Beside the waters cool and still
The ancient poet wrote his psalm;
Deep in the silence of the mind
The weary soul finds healing balm.

Not in the earthquake, wind or fire,
Not in the tumult and the din,
But in the stillness comes God's voice,
And speaks unto the heart within.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

Rhodes

FLORA WHITE

A recent review commends the moving-picture called "Rhodes," and casually observes that it does not introduce the Boer War. An omission quite comparable to producing a life of George Washington without mentioning the American Revolution! What is the reason for this? Did the producer perhaps forget there had been a Boer War? Or was he ignorant of the part Cecil Rhodes played in it—particularly in effecting it?

John Hays Hammond in his autobiography, *Life on Four Continents,* does not forget that there was a Boer War. He speaks proudly of himself and Rhodes in the following words: "We were co-conspirators in a political revolution." (p. 218.) He should have said in a projected revolution. Again Hammond writes, "Rhodes' plan was to form a secret society whose aim would be to extend British rule throughout the world." (p. 221). Incidentally, this far-reaching plan included not only the continent of Africa as a main objective, but also the United States of America. Mr. Hammond, self-avowed conspirator, smuggling arms and ammunitions into a friendly Republic with the intention of overthrowing its government, does not explain by what feat of ethical gymnastics he reconciles his explicit allegiance to the United States with his involvement in Cecil Rhodes' schemes. There is something pathetic and reminiscent of a bygone age in the way Mr. Hammond swaggers into authorship at the age of fourscore, boasting of his treacheries, his ostentations, his inflated commercialism—apologizing for the fact that the conspiracy was rendered nil because Jameson made his raid without waiting for his—Hammond's—signal.

Yet it was by that very tenuous thread of technicality, the fact that Jameson crossed the border before the final signal was given, that our mining expert, Hammond (lieutenant of Rhodes and friend of Jameson) was saved from execution!

Rhodes' comment on the so-called raid was sufficiently expressive: "Jameson has upset my apple-cart." It was indeed Rhodes' "apple-cart"—not Jameson's, not Hammond's, not Paul Kruger's, not that of the British Government. But if Jameson had not upset Rhodes' "apple-cart," the chances are that the very pertinent question raised in the House of Commons at the time, "Shall we act justly toward South Africa?" might have received an affirmative answer. In that case the condemnation of Rhodes by the Home Government, expressed merely in words, would have taken a more concrete form. The loss of the Premiership of Cape Colony could not then have been his only loss. In that case he could scarcely have been left free to carry out and exploit to the limit his imperialistic obsession, throwing dust into the eyes of a commercialized world by means of those fabulous millions in the form of scholarships.

There is little doubt that the power which Rhodes exercised over our mining engineer, Hammond, had its origin in their first interview. The gargantuan imperialist was a reader of men. "Name your own price," were almost his first words. And Hammond named it! He could be quite imaginative where money was concerned. Nor was he altogether blind in regard to the characteristics of the man whose interests he chose to serve. On page 235 he says of him: "The world is his omelette and men the eggs which compose it." So sordid is the story that the vulgarity of the above figure of speech almost escapes one, for one realizes quite clearly that the words are spoken in accents of admiration. On the next page Hammond declares (perhaps with equal admiration): "Mr. Rhodes can be as bloodless as fate when people are of no use to him." Of his one-time friend, Jameson, he says: "He was brilliant, with a cynical indifference."

One intimately familiar with the facts on which the moving-picture called "Rhodes" is based will not be surprised at the satisfaction with which the reviewer, quoted in our first sentence, contemplates the patriarchal simplicities in the character of Oom Paul Kruger. Did the producer foresee and predetermine the response here awakened? Or did the inevitability of that response elude his observation?

It is hardly possible to reflect upon this picture, projected over fifty years after Cecil Rhodes had won the confidence of the Boers and entered the ministry of Cape Colony as representative of Barkly West, without asking oneself, "What were the factors in life that brought forth this steel-cold empire-builder?" Are we to look for them in the family of the country parson in Hertfordshire? Was it there in the little parsonage, surrounded by a goodly bunch of brothers and sisters, that the sickly, not very studious lad, Cecil, conceived his abnormally unhealthy ambition to conquer the world for Great Britain—to make "Britannia rules the waves" read "Britannia rules the world"? It seems very doubtful. Even if he had remained in England, and lived (which he could not have done), the chances are that the factors necessary to develop this obsession of world domination would have been wanting.

As it happened, however, Cecil was shipped to Natal at the age of sixteen, to work on the farm of a brother who lived there. He was tubercular, and in that favorable climate it was hoped that life would at least be prolonged.

After a year spent in digging on the farm, the boys decided that they would take a chance of gaining more profitable results by digging in the Kimberly mines. At the end of another year, Cecil Rhodes possessed health, wealth, and freedom to do and to be what he pleased. He started off on a pilgrimage into the wilds of the hinterland. Stimulated by the bracing air of the high altitudes, by the consciousness of wealth suddenly acquired, and probably by the latent and uneradicated germs of his disease which the climate had only subdued, he let his imagination have full sway. Apparently it yielded, as an adolescent imagination often does, to a pathological obsession. He would conquer the world and turn it over to Great Britain, a fitting tribute to that land which had the honor of giving him birth.

But there are other possible factors that may have led to this inflated, abnormal egoism—historical factors that could hardly have failed to play their decisive part. Thus, although Cecil Rhodes was no student, he had an astonishing grasp of the larger, more fundamental aspects of things and affairs and men. He must have been familiar with the main facts of South African history. It is not at all impossible that certain features of that history exercised a determining influence upon the life of the young adventurer. He knew, as every schoolboy knew, that Cape Colony, first

held by the Dutch East India Company, was settled by Dutch and Huguenots at approximately the same time that the American colonists made their first settlements—a striking difference being that, after the original settlement, further immigration was forbidden for an entire century in the South African colony. The result of this isolation of the settlers from world contact was the maintenance of their early religious and home traditions which gave them a primitive aspect to the later generations of invaders reared elsewhere.

Rhodes also knew that when the colonizing fever seized Great Britain, she simply annexed this non-military, pastoral colony, and assumed its government. Nor could he have been ignorant of the fact that the Dutch had by purchase and treaty secured for themselves the territory northeast of them, now called Natal. Still less could he have failed to know of the Great Trek (which will surely go down through history as the exodus from Egypt has come down to us), when 40,000 Boers left their huge and productive estates, their wheat fields and their vineyards, and went into the unoccupied lands of their purchase, taking with them their wives, children, and portable possessions, to start life over again in a new country where they could still be their own masters. But the matter by no means ended there, for one bright day the British bethought themselves, "That which man hath done that may he do again." And merrily they ran a ship into the port of Natal and hoisted the British flag! It was then that the treking Boers became a military people. They crossed the Vaal river and, with solemn vows that transcended those taken by the ancient Saxons, swore each and severally that they would soak this new land, The Transvaal, with their blood, but would never leave it. It was their last Trek.

The English lad of nineteen years knew all these things. Did he reflect upon them as he wandered through African jungles? In those jungles he outlined his life-plan, made his will, thought out his "Cape to Cairo." He had been taught the theory current in those days, "The State can do no wrong." Might not his inner, undefined reaction have well been, "If I am the State, then *I* too can do no wrong"? One thing is quite certain—Cecil Rhodes was thinking, thinking hard during his jungle wanderings. Did he think upon that Sand River Convention made with those who had taken their last stand over the Vaal River? Was he humiliated that the treaty (sought by Great Britain for her advantage) should have been tossed aside as a worthless scrap of paper when she hoped to wring advantage out of ignoring it? There were many Englishmen who were gallingly humiliated by that stain upon Great Britain's honor. Was he, the half-developed Cecil Rhodes, one of those spiritually stalwart Englishmen?

Whatever his reflections, the results are definite and on record. Rhodes decided then and there to bring the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State into the British Empire. He went back to England, studied at Oxford, redeveloped tuberculosis, returned to the Cape, and with amazing financial acumen organized huge mining concerns. His lust, however, was for power rather than for money—yet the fact that money gives power held him in its grip. But the power of money was by no means enough—he must have political power! And seldom has the world brought forth a keener, subtler, more unscrupulous politician. At the age of twenty-three he is outlining his plans to Disraeli. The Chartered Company, the Consolidated Goldfields et al, are only pawns in his game of conquest. He wins the confidence of the Boers, whose interest he appears to serve, and remains in the ministry of Cape Colony for at least twenty years before the fiasco of the Jameson raid reveals his betrayal of the Boer cause and the coldness of his petrified outlook on life.

Over against the actual Rhodes, the despot, with his high falsetto voice, his conception of men as creatures to be bought or fooled or betrayed, with his puff-ball, egoistic boast that his name would go down the ages through thousands of years—over against him, announcing his cold intent to drown out the Boers by luring limitless thousands of money-minded, goldseeking *uitlanders* into the gallant little republic of Transvaal—over against this diamond king, gold baron, empire builder, I like to put, in imagination, another youth who also went to Natal to establish himself in life. This man was a young barrister, well-born, well-educated, who entered Natal when beginning his career at the behest of certain financial concerns. He showed ability, and the salary promised him was temptingly ample. One day there came into his office a boy bearing the red welt of the lash upon his body. The lash had been used by his employer. It happened that the boy's cause was a just one and that he had come to the young attorney because he was a fellow countryman. Africa is prolific in visions. The stark brilliance of earth and sky begets visions. Rhodes had his vision of the future, a gigantic vision that he believed would carry his name into on-coming milennia. This other man, the young lawyer, looking into the beseeching eyes of the flesh-tortured boy, also had a vision—a vision of the bitter needs of suffering humanity. This man sold all that he had and gave it to the poor—and then he followed *"The Way."*

His name is Gandhi, and he still follows the path he first chose there in Natal. Will the imperialistic obsession of Cecil Rhodes conquer the world for Great Britain? Or—will Gandhi, and Kagawa, and Sakyamuni, and Lao-Tze, with the working man Joshua whom we call Jesus, yet conquer the world for that Greater Power which imperialism has never and can never reveal to us?

What Is the Good Neighbor League?

BRENT DOW ALLINSON

The idea of giving permanent form and concrete political organization to a quasi-religious aspiration, albeit expressed by a secular president in a campaign year, is something new in American politics. Three phrases, or slogans, have thus far characterized the advent and development of the Roosevelt administration, to wit: "The Forgotten Man," "the New Deal," and "the policy of the Good Neighbor." Like the biblical watchwords, faith, hope, and charity, the greatest of them seems to be the third.

Discussing the matter recently with Mr. Stanley High, journalist, radio commentator, and principal spokesman, if not author, of the Good Neigh-

bor League, the writer was struck with the singular practicality of the suggestion that tens of thousands of American citizens are ready and eager to participate in a movement designed to give direct political expression in public policy and law to the amiable Rooseveltian watchword. After all, it does not cost much to be a good fellow, nor involve any very profound intellectual or political effort. But it does attract to a political campaign a certain odor of sanctity.

There may, however, be something to it. If one professes a virtue long enough, it may produce an astonishing effect upon oneself and others. "If these were ordinary times," said Mr. High, "the substantial reformations attempted and accomplished by the President in the relations of the United States with our Latin-American neighbors to the South, the great change in spirit and outlook which his policies of forbearance and co-operation have already effected would be sufficient to assure him the active support of all American liberals and men of good will, who desire to enhance the fair name of the United States in the world at large, and to aid the cause of peace upon this anxious earth. Yet it has been disappointing to me to note that many leaders of the organized peace agencies in this country are more emphatic in condemning the outlays for armament and expansion of the naval and military arms of the Government, which the President has condoned and approved, than they are in endorsing his far-sighted and good neighborly foreign policies, which seek to undermine the war spirit and the justification for armaments."

"Perhaps," suggested the writer, "the pacifists feel that it is their duty to register their opposition to the vast expansion of the armed forces, here and abroad, because they are accustomed to look under the surface of political oratory to the facts of national conduct and to the forces of fear—which other nations are quick to note, and which, in the past, have undermined their confidence in the fair-spoken declarations of many public officials."

Mr. High enumerated the actions of the present Administration which, in his judgment, account for the notable change of attitude on the part of Latin-American peoples towards the United States: the renunciation by Congress, at President Roosevelt's suggestions of the Platt Amendment to the treaty with Cuba, by which the legal right of American intervention in the island's internal affairs was voluntarily abandoned; the new treaty with Panama, effecting a similar change; the final withdrawal of American marines and officials from the republic of Haiti; the recent offer to the Puerto Ricans of a plebiscite to determine the question of their independence or continued political dependency upon the United States; the President's promise that there would be no intervention in any American republic by the United States on its own authority, while he is in office; and the President's invitation of a special pan-American congress to consider ways and means of consolidating the peace and prosperity of the Western Hemisphere. He mentioned likewise the action of Congress in withdrawing American sovereignty from the Philippine Islands, in fulfillment of an honest promise.

"All these actions, and others," affirmed Mr. High, "would be sufficient, in my judgment, to assure the President's re-election, if these were normal times, and the American people were as vitally interested in questions of foreign policy as they ought to be."

One of the directors of the League is Dr. John A. Lapp, of Chicago, now resident in Washington, as acting-chairman of the Petroleum Labor Board, under the Secretary of the Interior, and formerly chairman of the American Association of Social Workers. Dr. Lapp, interviewed on his train bound for Cincinnati, stated to the writer:

"Speaking only for myself, I believe that the program of the Good Neighbor League more nearly fulfills my hopes for a political platform expressive of my ideals than anything in my experience of twenty-five years in movements for social welfare and economic justice. I give it my whole-hearted support.

"The League," he continued, "will promote understanding among the divergent groups of our population. Better still, it will provide a channel for combatting the sinister agencies that seek to make capital out of misunderstandings between men and nations. All the irrational prejudices that divide our people will be attacked with the plea and the purpose of the ideal of the good and forbearing neighbor. We shall seek to know our neighbors in Canada and South America better, as we shall seek to understand ourselves better, and our neighbors next door. We must safeguard the gains we have thus far made in human relations and social welfare. We must carry these gains forward, and refuse to be diverted from the goal by false issues of race, or religion, or international prejudice and fear. We must expose the selfish motives behind tides of "publicity," that seek to destroy the confidence that good neighbors must have in one another. For people are naturally good neighbors, when they are not exploited or poisoned by unfair and untrue propagandas. The good neighbor policy of the President in international affairs, especially in inter-American affairs, has already brought a transformation of our relations with our Latin-American neighbors. The Good Neighbor League will actively support this policy and its expansion, acting on the wise precept of the late Aristide Briand, foreign minister of the French Republic, who remarked, with reference to Germany, that 'God has made us neighbors: let justice make us friends'."

At White Chapel

Who lie beneath this massive shrine,
This Polar-Bear renowned?
We are the dead you sacrificed
To drench Archangel's ground.

Who sleep beneath this velvet sod
With stone to name your dust?
We are the bones of mangled men,
Who paid, in full, your lust.

HENRY LOUKUSA.

Contrasting Conversations

H. P. MARLEY

Two recent conversations, representing contrasting points of view and reflecting important phases of the American scene, seem to me to be of sufficient value to record. The first was with a deposed brigadier general of the Black Legion and was held in a prison cell in Jackson, Michigan. The other, with Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, took place on the porch of one of the community buildings in the Arthurdale homestead, the first government rehabilitation project, and one which the first lady has particularly championed.

The forty-year-old veteran, arms tattooed, and spirit unbroken by his imprisonment and impending trial, said he was a loyal American citizen, seeking to uphold the best traditions and save the country from the Communists. He was sure that Communists in general, and Semitic communists in particular, offered the greatest single challenge of the moment. His own wife, formerly supported by his job as wall guard at the Jackson prison, had been refused "relief" by the county authorities. There were Communists in the County Building and even in the American Legion.

Just before I talked with Ray Ernest, this Napoleon who had met his Waterloo, the Prosecuting Attorney in the County Building had shown how the Black Legion had gone about getting control of a political machine and had ruthlessly maintained discipline in its own ranks by a corporal method which would have insured success, had not one victim of a flogging episode died as a result. Even this small town prosecutor, engaged in helping his town celebrate its centennial with the slogan "A Century Marches By," saw the similarity between what was happening in Jackson County and what had taken place in Italy and Germany. Ernest said that the administration in Washington was too socialistic and that the President was taking orders from people who were too close to Russia. And wasn't the Congressman who made a hurried trip to Detroit to investigate the Black Legion a member of the Farmer-Labor party?

Poor Ernest! A victim of the muddled Hearstisms of his day, like a Minute Man of old, he left his place on the wall of the State Prison, to carry on his guardianship of his fellows outside prison walls. Beginning in his own little home at Napoleon, near Jackson, he spread his influence through much of the surrounding territory. Using the technique of a prison guard and spurred on by his chief in Detroit and a still more prominent superior at Lima, Ohio, whom he termed a "fine man," he pursued what he believed to be the course of a true patriot. Men who held high office, and industrialists who winked at the Legion, are not in jail along with Ernest and his buddies.

The thing which took Mrs. Roosevelt to Arthurdale on a hot July day, and which made her elect to hold a meeting with only homesteaders invited, was the occasion of turning the school system, now housed in all modern buildings, over to the community and county officials. It was an important occasion because it was the first step toward the setting up of communication between the thousand-acre Federal island and the mainland of West Virginia which surrounded it. Dropping their tools at three-thirty men came in their overalls to the main building in the school group, accompanied by wives dressed in freshly laundered prints. Crowding into a room not yet completely furnished, they listened to her explain what had happened, and nodded when she urged them to carry on in the same spirit they had shown from the beginning. These ordinary rank-and-file people, culled from the Relief Lists, and bringing little to the homestead other than bad debts and large families, had caught on. They showed distinct satisfaction, as they filed out of the meeting, that Mrs. Roosevelt had taken the trouble to personify the proceedings, and that they were increasingly becoming masters of their communal destiny. One-time miners' wives stood about her at the door, willingly serving as background atmosphere while photographers got their promise kept for one more addition to the already lengthy film anthology.

When Mrs. Roosevelt learned of my interest in the homestead idea (I have worked intermittently with the Friends Service Committee for the past three years) she was glad to enlarge on some of her views. She gives to the Quakers several thousand dollars a year (all of her radio income) for carrying on their work of rehabilitation of the unemployed in the coal districts. What this religious society began in a small way has grown to rather large proportions (the Resettlement Administration has two other homesteads in coal areas, not to mention the TVA) and it is the interest of the First Lady which has been partially responsible for keeping the projects on something of the spiritual level early attained by them in the pioneering days of child-feeding and distribution of clothing.

Somewhat on the defensive because of the fact that enemies of the administration use the Arthurdale project as a special target, Mrs. Roosevelt assured me that it was the intention to make the community self-supporting. To pauperize the people is the very thing the government is trying to avoid by taking them off relief rolls and giving them a house, a barn and two acres of ground, along with a job which enables the breadwinner of the family to keep up his payments. With the last forty houses of the hundred-and-ninety goal now under construction, it is clear that some kind of permanent work will have to be unearthed, even in the face of a hostile Congress. The answer is a small factory built next to the railroad on the edge of the homestead. It is leased by the General Electric Company for a short time, and about twenty-five men are beginning their apprenticeship in the job of making vacuum cleaners. Mrs. Roosevelt seemed optimistic over the progress made thus far on the site of the old estate of General Arthur. Selected by soil experts and others, just three years ago, it is now a real home for several hundred people who toil in the earth or at their craft and desport themselves in a regular Saturday night square dance in a building which was once a church. Just as dancing in a church is a contrast to the uses to which the Holy Rollers put religious institutionalism, so the entire lives of

these people are a contrast to their days at Scots Run when men shuffled into the mines leaving behind families in squalid and barren houses which could never become their own, even if they had steady work and were frugally disposed.

Mrs. Roosevelt and Ray Ernest both behold a safe America—an America free from the hand of a revolutionary. But Mrs. Roosevelt takes the unemployed Southerner where he is. Ernest and others in the Black Legion took him after he went north lured by the high wages of the automobile industry. In the Detroit area, confused by the immensity of the industrial problem, a prey to race riots, employer unions and Coughlin palliatives, he was no match for his destiny. Black robes, the permission to tote a gun, and the vicarious thrill of fighting enemies of the people within our gates is a pull to which hundreds succumbed.

The Americans can be divided somewhat loosely on the basis of what they would have America become. Some would certainly rebuild it, beginning with the disinherited classes, while others would maintain the status quo with a kind of fascist intensity of purpose—a purpose which gradually reaches the saturation point in outright violence.

Whatever the outcome of our political and economic problem, it is well to remember that large numbers are susceptible to the belief that a purge of communism will make the patient well, while others look to a more constructive remedy in varying intensity of proportions. Mrs. Roosevelt, scion of the privileged class though she is, standing among the people of Arthurdale in the July sun, seems infinitely closer to the truth than our self-appointed Napoleon who chose to stand guard at night.

Little Glimpses of American Life

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

In a previous article under this title, I told of some occasional happenings here in a small New England township, where I am spending the summer, as significant of our American spirit. Here are a few more of the same kind for whatever they may be worth!

I

In the local newspaper, a small weekly sheet, appears an interesting item. It reads as follows:

"Most of the young people of the village are already employed for the summer. Ruth Twombly is at The Homestead, Goose Rocks, Helen Maling will again be at the bakery, Madeline Towne at the Langsford, Blanche Higgins with the Woods of the Carolyn Shop, Louise Higgins and Annie Clark at the Hitching Post, Irma Bowley with Miss Allen at her new shop near the Golf Club, Mary Driscoll with Mrs. H. L. Luques, and Ruth Seavey at the River Club."

Now, in order to understand this item, it must be known that these names are all of them among the fine old names of the town. These young girls, thus hired for the summer as waitresses and clerks and maids, are graduates of the town schools, many of them preparing for college, all of them members of the local churches and "social set." To get any parallel to this announcement in New York City, we would have to imagine some such item as this appearing in the society pages of the *Times* or *Herald-Tribune*:

"Most of the members of the Junior League are already employed for the summer. Frances Du Preton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Reginald Du Preton, is a waitress at the Waldorf Astoria, Gwendolyn Astorbilt will again be at Schraft's bakery, Madeleine Van Swingerer is at the Park Avenue Hotel as a maid, Blanche La Costa with La Parisienne Linen Shop on Madison Avenue, and Consuelo Inglebart at the Cosey Club on West 47th Street."

It is of course unimaginable that any such news as this would ever find its way into a New York paper, for these young people in the city are professional idlers. Work is to them a disgrace and workers are inferior humans. But these young people here in this New England town work as naturally as they breathe, and as gladly as they play. They not only seek jobs, but when they find them they announce the fact in the local newspaper as something to be known and rejoiced over. Work in this place, in other words, is a thing to be proud of. It is the idler and not the laborer who has to explain and justify himself. So everybody is busy—and happy with a sense of integrity and self-respect.

There is a wholesomeness about this attitude toward work which lifts the heart and gives one a new confidence in this American republic. I need a load of wood to keep my hearth-fires burning, so I telephone the woodman! When he arrives and is throwing the logs under my piazza, I chat with him about town affairs, for Mr. F. is a member of the Board of Selectmen. If I should suggest to this sturdy Yankee that it is not proper that he, one of the leading citizens of the township, should handle firewood like a common laborer, he would be surprised, then humiliated, and at last outraged. When did it become an unworthy thing for a man to do an honest bit of work, on fair terms of value for value?

I go to a nearby church on a Sunday morning. There, sitting on the end of a main-aisle pew, is my grocer. The head-usher used to be the railroad clerk at the station. That sober-looking man—is he one of the deacons?—may be seen any day behind a counter in one of the stores. That nice-looking woman is in the candy shop. One after another I identify these churchgoers. The week-day life of the community is here arrayed before me as I look from pew to pew.

These people live in their work, instead of being bound to it as economic slaves. The shoemaker takes as much pride in his labor as the artist in his picture. The leather-worker has all the professional dignity of a lawyer or physician. The carpenter fondles the smooth surfaces of the wood, and drives a nail with strokes as honest as his heart. Longfellow's *The Village Blacksmith* sounds terribly old-fashioned in the city—I believe it is no longer read in the schools, lest the children laugh at it! But it is still as real in this town as the dirt in the gardens, or the great trees along the highways. In the winter-time, I lose faith in my country, but in the summer-time, in these parts, faith lives again.

II

The commercialization of this countryside is a formidable fact to ponder. When I first came here, more than a generation ago, there was no "development" of any kind. A few cottages, some simple hotels or rather boarding-houses, but otherwise the landscape was what it had been for years gone by. I remember a certain Sunday when I was to preach at the Unitarian church in the town, and I went to a neighboring farm and hired a horse and buggy to make the trip. There was a branch railroad line to the shore, but there were no trains on Sunday. All was quiet.

But *now!* Well, it is still quiet where I am, for some years ago my wife and I took flight down a dead-end road, where we hoped nobody would want to follow, and we are relatively secluded. To be sure, automobiles pursue us, and aeroplanes fly overhead, but on the whole we have found refuge from the hurly-burly of our times. But the countryside—what a sight it is! Four miles away is the main highway, a solid strip of cement cutting like a huge knife straight through woodland, pasture, and hills. This of course is the historic road over which our forefathers traveled in stages or on horseback, but in those days it wound lazily through the landscape, following the natural contour of the ground, and becoming itself as lovely a thing as the trees or the river-beds. But now it has been "improved" by modern engineering—that is, straightened out and levelled off, with a ruthless hacking, left and right, and up and down, that makes the scenery look like a mutilated corpse. The result is a gigantic speedway, over which streams of automobiles race day and night at forty and fifty miles an hour. This, dear friends, is progress!

But progress does not stop here. It not only builds the highway, but it equips and decorates it as well. What once was the loveliest countryside in this part of the world is now one vast litter-heap of waste and ugliness. For miles along this main road there can be found scarcely a hundred yards of space which is not cluttered up with huge sign-boards, fantastic gas stations, gaudy restaurants and "eats," tourist camps ("running water and flush toilets!"), fruit stalls, antique shops, and now bars and taverns for the sale of liquor. To ride along this highway is to pass through an elongated and unending county fair, or circus. There is nothing, apparently, you cannot buy. Gas, oil, food, strawberries, vegetables, honey, soft-drinks, whiskey, broiled live lobsters and clam chowders, puppies, angora cats, bear cubs, canaries, rugs, gowns, summer millinery, bathing suits, lawnmowers, trailers, flowers and shrubs, weather vanes and windmills, canoes and power boats—all these, and more, I have seen for sale upon the highway. Everything, apparently, but God's own world—a quiet nook in the woods, a soft stretch of pasture land, a cluster of pine trees on a hilltop!

This is the main road. And flowing back from this, like a river overflowing its banks, runs for miles the contiguous flood of ugliness and indecency. Turn down any by-way, where you think you may see a farmhouse with towering elms and a big barn or perhaps a brook with a trout-pool, or at the end a stretch of shore by the sounding sea, and this horror pursues you like a nightmare. The inescapable gas station, the nauseating "Eats," the sign-board with its advertisement of cigarettes or tires—you can't get away from them! They know no fatigue and have no reverence. They will leave nothing alone that can be turned into money. And if there chances to be some place so remote that the profanation of commercialization has not yet penetrated, there comes now the automobile trailer to hunt it out. Only a few days ago the first trailer came nosing down our dead-end road, seeking for a place to spend the night and thus turn a pleasant nook into a waste of debris and filth.

What does all this mean to a nation and a people?

"God made the country and man made the town," wrote Cowper, who continued—

> "What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
> That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
> That life holds out to all, should most abound
> And least be threatened in the fields and groves?"

Well, they're "threatened" now! "Health and virtue" will soon be as rare in God's country as in man's town. When will we care enough, have good taste and reverence enough, to rise up in righteous wrath and end this commercial profanation of Nature?

III

The passing of an old tree is as important an event in this township as the passing of an aged citizen. An obituary of such a tree in a recent issue of the local weekly newspaper is an impressive article.

The tree is described as "immense, estimated height 75 feet and butt 4 feet." This is not much as compared with the stupendous redwoods of California, but the proportions are large for a New England elm. The age of the tree was something more than a century. It was "probably a sapling," says the commentator, "when General Lafayette visited K. in 1825." Some years ago the tree was struck by lightning, and subsequently it was damaged by fire. These are misfortunes comparable to those of sickness and accident which occur in the lives of individuals. Finally the tree had to come down, in the interest of public safety, and two sawyers, under the direction of the Road Commissioner, cut it in two sections, "and each section fell within a few feet of the place predicted by Mr. D."

The removal of this ancient tree was thus recorded in the local press because it was an event, and a melancholy event, in the life of the town. Magnificent elms cover the countryside here for miles in every direction. The most superb of all northern trees, they grow poorly along the seashore, but they flourish inland like "the green bay tree" of holy scripture. Every farm has several fine specimens about the house and barn, usually two standing like sentinels on either side of the front door. Elms line the two sides of the main street of K. like the towering pillars of a colonnade. I know of nothing more beautiful than the sight of these great trees on a sunny day of midsummer, as they make the street the darkened aisle of a cathedral. The elms are not only treasured here as a species of "woody plant," to use the crossword puzzle phrase, but are known and loved as individual specimens. Their years are numbered and their histories recorded. Not infrequently they bear names. Sometimes they are associated with local events. As they grow old or suffer misfortune, they are cherished and cared for, like an aging patient by his physician. Then, when they come to die, mourners gather as at a funeral, and an obituary notice appears in the newspaper.

But we city-dwellers seldom see trees on the paved streets, and only sorry specimens even in the parks. We never know them as friends and carry no place for them within our hearts. How poor we are!

IV

The campaign is stirring little excitement in this town. Interest in certain local candidacies seems more apparent than any especial interest in the presidential contest. I thought at first there was indifference, but little by little I am coming to feel that the shrewd Yankee minds of these men and women have been made up into a grim decision which will register itself like a thunderbolt on election day. This state, unless I am wholly deceived, is going Landon with a smash that will shake the nation.

Four years ago these farmers and fishers and artisans and tradesmen were frightened. Then, with the coming in of the Roosevelt administration, they were dazzled and dizzy. The people became suddenly confident again—but it was the confidence of a drunken man in the midst of his debauch. Now these simple folk are waking up, and the last three years are about as popular as the night before on the morning after.

The dial seems to have swung full circle—these townspeople are frightened again. This orgy of spending in Washington runs counter to all their three-centuries-old tradition of thrift. The enormous national debt is causing the same kind of worry as a mortgage on the old homestead. They wouldn't live this way in their private lives—why should we in our common national life? The turn from dissipation to sobriety came with the Passamaquoddy project. The spectacle of the nation spending millions of dollars for building luxurious model villages where nobody lived, to harness ocean tides which nobody had seen, to produce electricity for which nobody had any use, was too much. You might fool the city yokels with this kind of political madness, but not the wise, experienced country folk. They *knew*—and that was the end of it. The Roosevelt administration was done for in this locality.

It is interesting, especially in the light of the Democratic victories of recent years, to sit in the movie houses and watch the effect of the news-reels upon the audiences. These audiences are composed partly of summer visitors and partly of "natives." A picture of the President leaps onto the screen—there is the toss of his head, the flash of his smile, the ring of his voice. Not a hand! O, yes—some of those noisy youngsters down front applaud and stomp, but the audience as a whole sits as silent as an iceberg. Then appears a picture of Landon—and the place goes mad.

Does this have any general significance? Not a particle! It simply means that Maine is going Republican this fall, and that Roosevelt is unpopular with the summer vacation crowd.

(To be continued)

Three Parables

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS

[Our Special English Correspondent]

The Three Men

Three men who were on the path to Hell perceived that it was indeed paved with their own good intentions.

"This proves," said the first man, "that Hell is not as black as it is painted, and we are to be congratulated on going there."

"On the contrary," replied the second, "it proves what damnable things are Good Intentions, and I, for one, have done with them."

The third said: "You are both very undialectical. Good Intentions are not the only paving stones that are used in this path, nor is this the only possible use for them." And so saying he began tearing up the paving stones.

"What are you doing?" cried the first man in alarm.

"I am going to demonstrate," said the third man, "that the path to Heaven is paved with the stones which the builder rejected."

"You are very destructive," complained the first man.

"And Utopian," added the second.

The Sadhu's Story

You must know (the Sadhu told me) that God gave to Moses the keeping of all living things in order that nothing might die of want.

On a certain day a beggar came to Moses and asked for bread.

"Come into my tent," said Moses, "and you shall eat with me."

The beggar entered and Moses set food before him, but before he ate Moses gave praises to God. Not so did the beggar, who watched in silence.

"Why do you not praise God?" asked Moses.

"Why should I praise God?" replied the beggar. "What has he done for me? Why has he suffered me to be so poor?"

At these words Moses became angry and, taking his staff, he beat the beggar and chased him unfed from his tent.

When the beggar had gone, God came to Moses and said: "Moses, why did you not feed the beggar, and why did you beat him?"

"Because he would not praise you, Lord," said Moses, feeling righteous.

"Moses," said God, "That man has not praised me for twenty years and he is still alive. He has not praised me because during all that time you have neglected him. He is only alive at all because I am less religious than you are, and have not suffered him to perish. And it seems to me, Moses, that if I were as religious as you appear to be there would be no one left alive on the earth.

With those words God vanished. Yet it is astonishing how religious people still are.

Parable from an Indian Forest

When I was in the North Kheri jungle, where the United Provinces border upon Nepal, I discovered some curious facts about the protection of forests in British India.

It seems that for something like fifty years the British authorities most energetically protected these forests from fire. At the time of my visit the I. F. S. had just begun to discover that they were killing the forests with too much of this "protection."

Unlike resinous forests, which require careful protection from fire, the Sal forests of the Gangetic Plain apparently require an occasional fire to stimulate their growth. The fire destroys the undergrowth, the ash from which forms an alkaline mould, and this mould makes good soil for the young saplings.

Indian Forestry experts explained to me that careful protection from forest fires over a long period had produced a thick undergrowth, damp and heavy, which kept the light from the young shoots and covered them with a poisonous acid mould. Also (they told me) deer were protected by forestry laws while the tigers were being slowly exterminated by white sahibs on *safari*. So the deer multiplied and ate whatever shoots survived the acid mould and the undergrowth.

All this my I. F. S. friends told me and demonstrated it in the Sal forests. We drove along the border, between the U. P. and Nepal and saw the marked contrast between the forest lands on either side. On our left (where the forest fires of Nepal had swept right up to the very edge of the broad clearing that marked the frontier) there was little undergrowth and one could see for 200 yards between the trees. But on our right, where the "protected" forests lay, one could see for barely twenty yards owing to the thick scrub. And the trees were almost all of the same size. "Very few of them under forty years of age," my companions commented, comparing them with the varied sizes beyond the Nepal border.

A few years before—and even today among ignorant people—the protection of India's forests was one of the "arguments" for the "success" of British Rule. Today we can realize that it is just another example of misplaced efficiency—the alien "protection" that destroys everything it touches.

The Study Table

An Economic Paradise

THIS SOVIET WORLD. *By Anna Louise Strong. 298 pp. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2.00.*

Here is a picture of an economic paradise. No unemployment any more in the Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics! Everyone able and willing to work has a job for which he or she is best fitted. The others have disappeared, except the feeble, the old, the sick, and plenty of happy children, all of whom are well taken care of by the government.

The more all the workers can produce, the more they all have to divide, not equally, but according to a graduated scale of wages. Socialism has been achieved, but not communism as yet, which will take care of all the people according to their needs.

Miss Strong has lived in the U.S.S.R. most of the last fifteen years. She is a first-hand witness to practically all of her story.

Briefly she touches the struggle during the Civil War between the White Armies—made up of soldiers of Germany, France, England, Japan, and the United States—and the Red Army defending the new Soviet government. Days of famine, typical of old Czarist Russia, demanded heroic measures. The people responded. The N.E.P. days from 1921-28 we glimpse in these pages.

Yet most of the volume is taken up with (Part I) just how men made the Soviet world; and (II) what kind of people the Soviet world makes.

Absorbing is Miss Strong's explanation of the dictatorship of the proletariat in which she shows that the dictator, whether Lenin or Stalin, never promulgates a personal order, but transmits it after it has come up democratically all the way from the local soviets through the All Soviet Union. This helps to explain the proposed new Constitution that will guarantee freedom of speech, press, worship, assembly, education to all the 170,000,000 people (over one-tenth the world's population) that comprise the forty-two states in the U.S.S.R., one-sixth the world's territory.

Drinking of alcoholic liquors is down to one-half of that consumed in 1914, for there is no economic insecurity or worry about where one's bread and butter is coming from. Happy children and happy homes, with science used for human good instead of for the pleasures of the few!

Perfectly thrilling is Miss Strong's picture of the new hope for youth, the freeing of women, the democratization of science and of art, the remaking of human beings by a penal system, miles in advance ethically and psychologically of any other on earth.

With her own eyes in the past fifteen years Miss Strong has seen the most backward farming countries hurdle fifteen centuries in their methods of farming. No wonder Walter Duranty recently reported that in the past eighteen months the number of cars loaded with produce had increased from 45 or 50 thousand to 90 or 95 thousand cars daily, which means that the living standard of all the people is advancing rapidly, for the workers (practically all the people now) own their own country, its land, its factories, its farms, except where a small patch is retained by those who prefer their own little garden with a cow, pigs, and chickens.

The improvement in morals; the way in which the people make play out of their work and vie with other factories in seeing which plant can produce the most for all to use—never for profit for the few; the popularity of sports, especially parachute-jumping; the sincere determination on the part of the U.S.S.R. to avert a World War—all these, with hundreds of specific cases of her own observation, make this a book as thrilling as the old fairy tales we read in our youths. But those fairy tales were imagination; this is real, attested by multitudes of recent students of the U.S.S.R. A good book to give to your D.A.R. friends or members of the American Legion!

GEORGE MAYCHIN STOCKDALE.

Eliot, Poet and Playwright

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL. *By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $1.25.*

COLLECTED POEMS. *By T. S. Eliot.* New York: *Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.*

The history of *Murder in the Cathedral* is amazing. Written by one of the most obscure poets and reactionary thinkers of our time, this play has not only been widely read, but was successfully put on the stage in England, and only this last winter was presented as a government WPA venture in New York. It played for weeks to crowded houses. The mystery of book-stall and theatre is surely as dense as ever!

One explanation in this case is undoubtedly to be found in the fact that Eliot for once is understandable. "The author makes himself much clearer in this work," says the Boston *Transcript*, "than he has in the past." I can testify that I was able not only to comprehend the meaning of the play as a whole, but also to understand nearly every line. Into Eliot's *The Waste Land* I have gone again and again, only to be hopelessly lost as in a desert. This poetic drama, however, I read straight through the first time, and actually seemed to know where I was and what it was all about.

Murder in the Cathedral is in essence a dramatization of the famous murder of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury in the reign of Henry II, in the classic Greek form of alternate chorus and character scenes. The setting is, of course, the Cathedral—first the Archbishop's Hall, and then the Cathedral altar itself. The characters are the Archbishop returned from his long exile in France to meet the martyr's death, three priests of the Cathedral, and the four murderous knights. A spectral scene, using the Shakesperean devices of materialized spirits to project inner states of mind, presents four Tempters to lead the Archbishop astray from his appointed path. The chorus is made up of Women of Canterbury, who sense approaching danger, and bewail and interpret the final tragedy. Becket is, of course, the hero, and appropriately a figure of surpassing dignity and power. The scene of his assassination is of real dramatic force and poetic elevation. The device of stopping the play after the murder, and having the four knights step forward, one after another, to the front of the stage and address the audience in extenuation of their crime, is a satirical scheme of enormous effectiveness. There is passion in this play, and poetic beauty, and genuine drama.

Yet, am I hopelessly old-fashioned in saying that another poetic play on this same theme has moved us much more? The existence of this earlier play seems to have been completely forgotten by the critics—if they ever knew it!—and thus ignored. Yet it was written by no less a poet than Lord Tennyson, and acted for years with unfailing popular success by no less an actor than Sir Henry Irving. Tennyson's "*Becket*" is inevitably the conventional poetic drama of Victorian days. It moves slowly, resorts to no daring dramatic devices, and employs the whole blank verse style of old tradition. It attempts no philosophical interpretation of events, and is true to history. But it shakes the soul. Compare the dreadful death scene in Eliot's play with the same scene in Tennyson's, and see which one is the greater poetry and the more thrilling drama. Eliot, it seems to me, for all his dignity, is always outside the action, whereas Tennyson is in it to lift it to the heights of eternal tragedy. In the face of this contrast, I doubt if the new poetry, so-called, has taken us so far after all.

I doubt still more as I turn the pages of Eliot's *Collected Poems,* and try to discover what it is all about, and still more to find some trace of the beauty which is to my mind the soul of poetry. This recent volume contains all of Eliot's work from 1909 to 1935. Here are the famous *The Waste Land, Prufrock, Ash Wednesday,* and other pieces which have been so furiously discussed, and, as a matter of fact, I believe, so little read. I must be honest and state that most of the stuff in these pages is as unintelligible to me as so much Choctaw. The whole thing could be written in Haile Selassie's Amharic and I could understand and enjoy it quite as much. Of course, there are exceptions! *Morning at the Window,* has a devastating clarity, *La Figlia Che Piange,* is unmistakably beautiful; *The Hippopotamus* is a gorgeous satire. But what are we to think of *The Waste Land,* a poem of twenty-two pages, which has to have eight pages of notes to explain what is not explained? And other esoteric poems which have no notes because the author himself apparently did not know what or why he had written them? And yet they call Mr. Eliot "one of the most important poets of our time."

I don't believe it! Why should I be fooled by this man? I read Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, John Masefield, Gilbert K. Chesterton, and I know that this is the poetry of this day which will be remembered.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Unity Editors and the Roosevelt Administration

In accordance with UNITY'S traditional policy of the free and frank discussion of even the most controversial subjects, the issue of September 7 will contain two independent statements by the editors giving their divergent views of the Roosevelt Administration.

Curtis W. Reese will state his reasons for supporting the Administration. John Haynes Holmes will state his reasons for opposing the Administration.

Each Reader of UNITY should secure one new subscriber by September 7.

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The Field

(*Continued from page* 202)

can communities among Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. It is an effort to further tolerance and understanding. Among the subjects which will be discussed are: Anthropology, Its Contribution to the Study of Human Relations; the Contribution of Catholicism to Present Day Society; Propaganda—A Force in Preserving Minority Rights.

Persons interested in learning more about the Institute of Human Relations should write to James M. Yard, 203 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Peace-Education Through Anti-War Plays

Taraknath Das

It is certain that a very large number of Americans, like other peoples, do not favor war and bloodshed. But they become supporters of war, under pressure. Some succumb to economic interests; others think of national glory in victory; still others think of serving the cause of humanity by crushing an enemy. Men like Sir Norman Angell, the late Prof. Parker T. Moon, Mr. Glover T. Clark, Dr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for the Presidency of the United States, and many others, have emphasized in their writings and speeches that *war does not pay.* Although some industrialists and financiers think that America will have prosperity through another war, *depression is one of the economic consequences of war.* This hard fact should be driven into the minds of the American people. But the most important anti-war activities should be carried on in the field of education of the higher forms of emotion of leaders who lead a nation to war for "national gain and glory," and of the masses who act as "cannon-fodder" for a supposed great cause.

The theatre is probably one of the most potent factors for educating the higher emotions, and it is gratifying that some efforts are being made to stage anti-war plays in American theatres. I have recently seen two anti-war plays: (1) *If This Be Treason* by John Haynes Holmes* and (2) *Bury the Dead,* by Irwin Shaw. Both of them are superb in merit in their respective fields. Dr. Holmes' play is the highest type of moral appeal to political leaders, who should serve the cause of peace at any cost, at any sacrifice, overcoming all opposition of the vast war-machine of a powerful state. The chief character in the play, a pacifist President of the United States, in the face of great odds, settles a dispute between Japan and the United States through peaceful collaboration with the leaders of the two peoples, who want peace. Dr. Holmes' play has the moral that, with proper and genuinely sincere leadership, the people will support the cause of peace; but, alas! in general, among the politicians and persons in responsible positions, peace-leadership is lacking.

Mr. Shaw's play, *Bury the Dead,* supplements Dr. Holmes' work. Here the youthful author presents a dramatic and highly realistic scene in which the principal actors, six dead soldiers, speak for common men, especially for the youth who die in the trenches. These soldiers, after dying in the war, see the vision of the real nature of the bloody tragedy; and they rise from their graves and speak out their thoughts against war so that precious lives may not be sacrificed in vain in wars for profit and slavery.

These two plays convey the moral that under proper peace-leadership the masses will support the cause of peace; also, that, when the masses are awakened and ready to die to defend the cause of peace, the generals and politicians will be forced to follow the peaceful path. Modern materialistic civilization and its educational activities place greater value on utilitarianism and instinctive enjoyment of life, and ignore the importance of cultivating the higher emotions for peace, service and love of beauty. But the cultivation of these emotions is a vital factor in the work for real peace. Peace-education through plays should be made a part of adult education in America.

*In collaboration with Mr. Reginald Lawrence.—*If This Be Treason* is published in book form by Macmillan, New York.

The Russian Democracy

Being a victim of timely happenings in the majority of our moments, we have been put into a solemn mood by recent news, and herewith declare the emergence of a national political crisis of an ideological and emotional character.

Between now and next November, when the All-Union Congress of Soviets is going to vote upon and no doubt accept without fundamental modification the new constitution which has been drawn up for the U.S.S.R., our political orators and propagandists have got to orient themselves in a new world and dig up an entirely fresh line of talk. It will become necessary to discover and put into circulation a new vocabulary of emotion-releasing names for describing our own system in a favorable way and for evoking disapproval of the Russian system. For those unspeakable Bolsheviks have gone ahead and done it. They are now on the point of putting the finishing touches upon the world's first genuine democracy.

While parliamentary methods in the older "democratic" countries have been losing prestige and meeting repudiation, they have been lifted to a new height of employment and recognition in a country which is not an heir to democratic traditions. This is true in both economic and political affairs. While our Supreme Court and the American Iron and Steel Institute are assuring our workers that they have the liberty to accept the pay their employers offer them or starve to death, the Russians are being guaranteed the right to do constructive work with pay according to its quantity and quality; the right to rest (with pay); the right to security in old age, sickness and accident; the right to all the health within the resources of medical science; the right to receive an education at public expense. While demonstrators, strikers and the organizers of tenant-farmers in this country are being kidnapped, beaten and murdered; while Congressman Blanton is writing around to ask teachers if they approve of the writings of Dr. George S. Counts and Dr. Charles A. Beard, the Russians are being guaranteed the right to make street demonstrations, hold assemblies and meetings, and to speak and publish in freedom.

Most Americans, we presume, who have read about the new Russian constitution, have been dumfounded. At least, our newspapers have been treating it as a sensation. This development is not startlingly new, but a gradual and logical consequence of what has gone before. The new Russia was never truly pictured in our press; the dictatorship was always a myth, except for about the first year of the new regime.

The proposed constitution simply advertises what has already been achieved, no basic principle being stated in it that has not been an essential part of the Russian system for more than a decade; the "oppres-

sion" of Russia has really meant that no one was allowed the freedom to exploit another. What the Russians have actually been doing is laying the foundation for real freedom and democracy. We in this country have only been talking about liberty and government for the people, by the people, and have never stopped to define what the words mean.—Hugh Stevenson Tigner, in the *Christian Register.*

Pacific Unitarians Told of Danger of Fascism

Liberalism is challenged today from the right side by the reactionaries and from the left by the radicals. There exist in this country the fundamental conditions which, if not rectified, will drift us in the direction of Fascism. Given a crisis, with the large floating p o p u l a t i o n of young people eager to be regimented and trained; given millions of hungry and insecure men and women eager to be deceived; given a few industrialists and financers willing to furnish money; given a demagogue clever enough to capitalize on all these factions; given the general spirit of discouragement which makes the populace want to hand over the solution of its problems to another—all these dangers may end in class and nationalistic wars and the destruction of everything treasured in civilization.

It is the duty of the church to interest itself in these problems of civilization, particularly of the Unitarian Church, which has fought for civil liberties throughout the four centuries of its existence. The solution of these problems lies in a far greater degree of socialization than we have achieved. If we cling to "laissez faire" and "rugged individualism," we cling to all the outworn things sure to bring on Fascism. Fascism is the last-ditch defense of capital that squeezes out the middle class and reduces even more the standards of living of the poor, that cuts out labor unions, eliminates human rights in religion and speech and action. Our people must be educated to realize that "it *can* happen here," and in this it is the responsibility of the church to take the i n i t i a t i v e, to combat the forces drawing us toward a regime of dictatorship, and to organize our resources to put people to work producing the abundance possible for them.—*Rev. Jacob Trapp,* Salt Lake City.

[From a speech delivered at the Pacific Coast Conference of the Free Church Fellowship (Unitarian), San Francisco.]

A Sample of "Wet" Propaganda

Declaring that soft drink, dairy products and automobile industries particularly should be made the immediate targets of the brewers in a nation-wide drive of intensive sales competition, K. L. Van Auken, prominent spokesman for the trade in an address delivered at the American Brewers Association convention in Chicago made a remarkably frank statement regarding what should constitute the program of the beermakers in going after bigger profits than they have yet achieved since repeal.

The picture painted is a vivid revelation of the brewers' state of mind today, and the reason for the present low ebb of per capita beer consumption. It indicates what they think necessary to do to emphatically increase the sale of their products. It is worthwhile reproducing it here, just as it appeared in the columns of several brewers' journals, in Chicago.

Admits Soft Drinks Routed Beer in Prohibition Era

What, inquires Mr. Van Auken, happened to beer-drinking habits in the fifteen years of prohibition. . . . During these 15 years 12,000,000 (twelve million) potential beer drinkers in our country became of age. . . . We have only to refer to the statistics to find out that during this time a taste and habit was built up for soft drinks—sweet drinks. Beer is having plenty of difficulty in breaking down this habit. Many tried beer when it came back and then went back to the soft drinks. This is a factor to which serious thought should be given.

Squarely facing this situation, so manifestly sad for the brewer, this sales expert lost no time beating about the bush. To his fellow makers of the amber brew, he said:

Must Revive Habit of Drinking

The habit of beer-drinking must again be built up. Many of the old habitual beer drinkers no longer have their favorite saloons to go to, no longer have the friends whose suggestions were a powerful factor in beer consumption. To revive the "habit of drinking" with former customers, and to get new customers to form the habit is the job of the Brewery Industry.

Beer Warns Liquor Industry

Facing the necessity of "building up" again the "habit of beer-drinking," Mr. Van Auken proceeded in these words immediately to the most direct business proposal possible:

The brewing industry cannot expect an increase of a million prospective customers each year, so it must find a way to get a greater percentage of the national income than before.

This means increased competition with other industries—autos, other drinks and the many other products which compete for the consumer's dollar. Either that or it means keener and keener competition among brewers.

"To Make Consumers' Mouths Water for Beer"—Brewers' Ultimate Sales Objective

To accomplish that, Mr. Van Auken affirms the public must be educated "to a new conception of beer as a health, temperance and social drink," through "a type of publicity that will increase the number of beer-drinkers," "build new customers," and "get a greater percentage of business from present customers and get customers away from competition." "The ultimate aim of the brewers' campaign" is "to make the consumers' mouths water for a glass of good beer."

Public opinion and temperance opinion, he continued, must be courted by taking a definite stand against selling to minors and against exaggeration of the benefits and pleasures of drinking beer.

Since the prejudice against beer is largely because of its association with the old time saloon, beer advertising should stress home, club, restaurant, hotel and hospital use,—DOING NOTHING DESTRUCTIVE TO THE TAVERN BUSINESS, HOWEVER! (Capital lettering ours).

The campaign should have as an underlying objective: REVIVING THE BEER-DRINKING HABITS OF FORMER BEER DRINKERS, PROMOTING BEER-DRINKING HABITS WITH MILLIONS OF NEW CUSTOMERS.

Now is the time to start such a campaign. . . .

American Business Men's Research Foundation, 111 *West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.*

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